

# Liberty of Cooking

by Ann Bogle

Donald Barthelme's "Cooking With the American Canned Good" is not in *The Teachings of Don B.*, as I had recalled. Nor is Pynchon's description of D.B.'s weighing and measuring short forms in his backyard lean-to.

My mother found me cooking without heat, one evening around six, using only canned goods, D.B.'s excellent article at hand. I chose nine cans for my trial dish. I cleaned and stacked them, marring levelness with the stove. Deaf, dumb, and blind—I stooped to hear, where dumb means mute. Reserve canned goods, she lipped to me, advertise in moderation. Deplete no food without present hunger. My dish was *slut* ("all done" in Swedish). It tasted good though aroused no draft, of mutton, for example. My grandparents' bed held flat. I filed alone, in realist kitchen, reading Froeding, standing, striding, continent as gym. "Oh, laws!" my mother suddenly said.

Gathering, meeting, affordable eating, characteristic of that graduate class. Friendship.

My Three Studies with Can Contents (1984-1985) are typed in goose formation of the following words:

CAN

canticle

candid

cancer

ash can

Candy

candle

Canada

canteen  
candor  
pelican  
canto  
Canterbury  
cannelloni  
candelabra  
candescent  
cantaloupe  
can-can  
cantankerous  
cannabis  
cannibal  
canker  
cane sugar  
canter  
canyon  
cant  
cannon  
canvas  
canoe  
canny  
Cantonese  
canopy  
cantata  
decanter  
American  
canal  
scandal  
candy bar  
can too  
can you too

